

The most lamentable Tragedie

To finde thy brother *Bascianus* dead.

Saturninus. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chafe,
Tis not an houre since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamora*, though greeu'd with killing griefe.

Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bascianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bascianus* heere lies murdered.

Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ.
The complot of this timelesse Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderons tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we misse to meete him handsomly,
Sweet huntsman Bascianus tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the grane for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward,
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bascianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like,
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Bascianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

of Titus

King. Two of thy whelp
Haue here bereft my brother
Sirs drag them from the pit
There let them bide vntill we
Some neuer heard of torterin

Tamora. What are they in
How easily murder is discou

Titus. High Emperour, v
I beg this boone, with teares
That this fell fault of my acc
Accursed, if the faultes be pr

King. If it be prou'de, you
VWho found this letter, *Tan*

Tamora. *Andronicus* him

Titus. I did my Lord, yet l
For by my Fathers reuerent t
They shall be ready at your H
To aunswere theyr suspition

King. Thou shalt not bail
Some bring the murdered b
Let them not speake a word,
For by my soule, were there v
That end vpon them should l

Tamora. *Andronicus* I will
Feare not thy sonnes, they sha

Titus. Come *Lucius* come,
Enter the Empresse soun
off, & her tongue cut ou

Demet. So now goe tell an
Who twas that cut thy tongue

Chiron. Write downe thy
And if thy stumpes will let th

Demet. See how with sign

Chiron. Goe home, call for

King